



**STAR
WARS**

TALES
7

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STAR WARS TALES

FEATURING
BOBA FETT!
PLO KOON!
YODA!
MACE WINDU!
DOMO JONES!



COMING SOON!

Here's more *Star Wars* reading that you won't want to miss!

Star Wars: Infinities — *A New Hope*

A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away...The events and players are very familiar but something isn't quite right. Luke Skywalker valiantly attacks the Death Star, fires his torpedoes, and ...they miss their mark! Welcome to a *Star Wars* you never imagined, a *Star Wars* shattered, where the possibilities are ENDLESS! The first in a series of non-continuity *Star Wars* stories which are sure to delight fans of all ages. Taking off from the end of events in the movie, readers will follow Luke, Han, Leia, C-3P0, and R2-D2 on a journey every bit as action-packed and fantastic as the original trilogy. Make sure you don't miss out on the *Star Wars* event of the year!

Star Wars: Jedi vs. Sith

According to legend, the Sith are always two — a master and an apprentice. It was not always this way. A thousand years ago the Sith were many, and they battled endlessly with the Jedi Army of Light. Lord Kaan ruled the Sith Brotherhood of Darkness and sought the destruction of Lord Hoth and his Jedi followers. Recruited into the war by a scout, three friends venture onto the battleground and march into destinies far greater and different than any of them could have ever imagined...

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STAR WARS[®] TALES

THIS ISSUE:

SINGLE CELL

Script - HADEN BLACKMAN
Pencils - JAN DUURSEMA
Inks - RAY KRYSSING
Colors - DAVE MCCAIG
Letters - STEVE DUTRO

NERF HERDER

Script - PHIL AMARA
Pencils - FRANCISCO HERERRA
Inks - HOWARD M. SHUM
Colors - MICHELLE MADSEN
Letters - STEVE DUTRO

JEDI CHEF

Script - RANDY STRADLEY
Art - FRANCISCO RUIZ VELASCO
Letters - STUDIO F & JASON HYAM

OUTBID BUT NEVER OUTGUNNED

Script - BEAU SMITH
Pencils - MIKE DEODATO, JR.
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Colors - DAVE MCCAIG
Letters - STEVE DUTRO

FORCE FICTION

Script - KEVIN RUBIO
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RUIZ VELASCO



SINGLE CELL

W. HARRIS BUCHANAN
DANTE KRESEN
RAY HARRIS
STEVE THRO
ZACK MCCOY
ZACK LAND

TRADE FEDERATION
BATTLESHIP STOCKADE,
SIX WEEKS BEFORE
NABOO.

THERE ARE ONLY ABOUT A MILLION
FEORINGS LEFT IN THE GALAXY.
IF THE FEDERATION HAS ITS WAY,
TOMORROW THERE WILL BE ONE LESS.

AFTER TWO DAYS IN THIS CELL,
STARING AT THE FIRST **MUTE**
NEIMOIDIAN, I'M ABOUT READY
TO BUST THROUGH THE DURA-
STEEL WALLS WITH MY FOREHEAD.

AND THEN MY DAY
DROPS STRAIGHT
INTO THE MAN.


YOU'RE
NYM, RIGHT?
THE PIRATE WHO HIT
THE TRADE
FEDERATION, WHAT
A DOZEN TIMES IN
THE LAST SIX
MONTHS?

CHECK YOUR
FACTS. WE MADE
THIRTY-THREE
RAIDS.

MUST'VE
GRABBED A LOT
OF LOOT... BUT I BET
IT'S TOUGH TRYING
TO OFFLOAD
EXPERIMENTAL
WEAPONS IN THE
OUTER RIM.



I
WOULDN'T
KNOW
ANYTHING
ABOUT THAT.



SURE, SURE. BUT YOU
MUST HAVE SOMETHING
THEY WANT, TRAPPED IN
YOUR BRAIN BOX. WHY
ELSE WOULD THEY HIRE
MERICK AND BAVO?

BEST TORTURERS
IN THE GALAXY. I
HEARD THEY ONCE BROKE
A ZABRAK. THEY'LL
CRACK YOU.



I WOULDN'T
COUNT ON IT. I
HAVE A SPECIAL
WEAPON TO SEE
ME THROUGH.



AND
WHAT'S
THAT?



HATE.



THIS SOUNDS
PROMISING.
START FROM THE
BEGINNING.

THE BEGINNING? THAT WOULD BE MARAHERE'S ORBIT, THREE DAYS AGO.

YOU PAID THE RIGHT SNITCHES FOR YOUR INFORMATION. WE HAD STOLEN A CRATE OF EXPERIMENTAL BLASTERS FROM THE TRADE FEDERATION, BUT WE COULDN'T FIND ANY BUYERS.

WATCH THAT CRUISER, KOLE. IF IT MOVES, SO DO WE.

THEN ALONG CAME VANA SAGE, A MERCENARY WITH CONNECTIONS.

COPY THAT. VANA'S BASE IS TRANSMITTING LANDING COORDINATES.

WHAT'S ON THE SCANNERS, JINKINS?

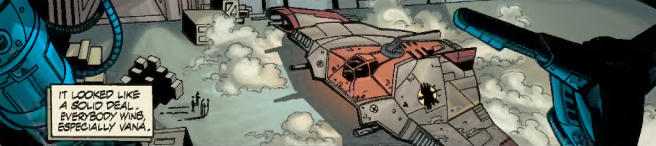
THREE ORGANICS IN THE HANGAR, JUST LIKE VANA PROMISED. NO WEAPONS REGISTER.

PACK OUR BAGS.

VANA'S "BUYERS" OFFERED A TRADE--STYGIUM CRYSTALS FOR THE STOLEN WEAPONS. I FIGURED THE CRYSTALS WOULD BE EASIER TO SELL, OR I COULD USE 'EM IF A CLOAKING DEVICE EVER FELL IN MY LAP.

VANA ARRANGED THE TRADE. I PAID HER A HEFTY FINDER'S FEE, AND EVERYONE VOWED TO BE ON HIS BEST BEHAVIOR.

NO LYIN',
NO CHEATIN',
NO KILLIN'.



IT LOOKED LIKE
A SOLID DEAL.
EVERYBODY WINS,
ESPECIALLY VANA.



BUT ONE THING KEPT EATING
AT ME, EVEN AFTER WE LANDED
WITHOUT INCIDENT: I HAD NEVER
SEEN VANA, FACE TO FACE. WE
CONDUCTED ALL OF OUR BUSINESS
VIA LONG-RANGE COMLINKS.



THE BUYERS LOOKED LIKE
SENATORS. I HAD TO RESIST
THE URGE TO ROB 'EM, BUT
JUST WHEN I WAS STARTING
TO RELAX...



VANA OPENED
HER BIG MOUTH.

HIYA
BOYS.

VANA?!

YEAH,
SPEAKING TO
YOU FROM A
SECURE CONTROL
ROOM. KEEP YOUR
PAWNS IN PLAIN
SIGHT.



AND
REMEMBER
THAT I CAN SEE
EVERYTHING, SO
DON'T DO ANYTHING
BRAINLESS, NYM.

I'M THE HOST,
AND MY RULES ARE
SIMPLE--NO LYING,
NO CHEATING, AND
NO KILLING.



MAKE
THE TRADE, AND
MAKE IT QUICK. THEN
DO YOUR SCANS
AND GET THE HELL
OFF OF MY SPACE
STATION.



THEY'RE
GENUINE,
BOSS.



MERR-SONN "SCALP-
HUNTER" PROTOTYPE.
FULLY AUTOMATIC, WITH
COLLAPSIBLE STOCK,
CORTOSIS ALLOY BARREL,
AND LONG-RANGE
MULTI-SPECTRUM SCOPE.
THESE ARE AUTHENTIC
AS WELL.

BUT
WHERE ARE
THE POWER
CELLS?



CONSIDER 'EM BURIED
TREASURE ON MARMARE.
WE'LL TRANSMIT THE
COORDINATES ONCE
WE'RE CLEAR.



NYM!
THIS WASN'T
PART OF
THE DEAL!



DON'T PANIC, VANA, WE CAME PREPARED. NYM IS NOT GETTING AWAY INTACT.

THAT'S WHEN I KNEW WE WERE IN TROUBLE—ONLY HIGH CLASS BOUNTY HUNTERS MAKE THOSE KIND OF THREATS.



ON YOUR KNEES, UGLY.

FOR A PIRATE, I'M USUALLY CALM AND COLLECTED. BUT SOME RAMPERED VIGILANTE STICKS A BLASTER IN MY FACE...

...AND MY NORMALLY USEFUL BRAIN GOES INTO RE-ENTRY BURN. I'M LEFT WITH INSTINCT ALONE.



NYM!



LUCKY FOR ME, MY INSTINCTS ARE PRETTY GOOD.



NYM, DON'T MAKE ME COME DOWN THERE!



DON'T
WORRY, VANA.
IT'S UNDER
CONTROL..

FORTUNATELY, I WASN'T
TOO BUSY SEEING RED
TO REALIZE WE WERE
OUTMATCHED.



KOLE'S MY FIRST MATE, AND A
DISGUISE ARTIST BY TRADE. HE
HAS SIXTY DIFFERENT IDENTITIES
SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE
GALAXY. HE EVEN POSED AS A
GALACTIC SENATOR ONCE.



BUT IN A FIGHT, KOLE
PREFERS TO CREEP OUTTA
THE SHADOWS AND STICK
A VIBROBLADE BETWEEN
YOUR RIBS.



NYM!
WE'VE GOTTA
CLEAR OUT!

AND JINKINS IS THE BEST ENGINEER
THIS SIDE OF CHARROS IV. ANYTHING
I CAN BLOW UP, HE CAN PUT BACK
TOGETHER. BUT THAT BALD CRANIUM
MAKES FOR AN EASY TARGET.

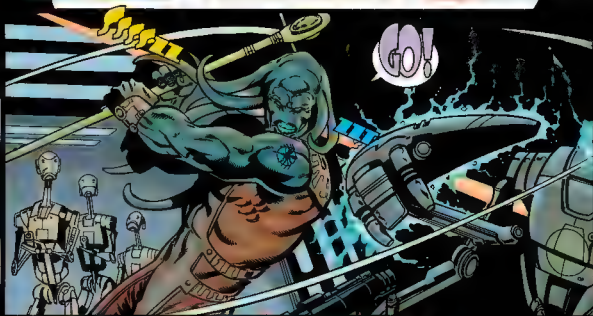


ME, I CAN JUST TAKE
A BEATING. I ONCE
WRESTLED A
TRANDOSHAN IN THE
BLOOD PITS ON
NAR SHADDAA...



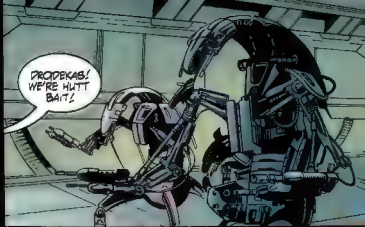
BUT I'M A BETTER
FIGHTER FROM THE
SEAT OF A STARSHIP.





BUT I'D ALREADY FIGURED THAT THE TRADE FEDERATION WANTED TO KNOW WHERE I'D BEEN STASHING THEIR LOOT. THEY WOULDN'T JUST KILL ME.







WE DON'T WANT YOUR WACKEYS, JUST YOU.

I'LL SEND THEM TO MARGHERA IN AN ESCAPE POD.



AND MY BOMBER?

THAT'S MINE, AS PAYMENT FOR DELIVERING YOU TO THE TRADE FEDERATION. IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL... I JUST WANTED THE TECHNOLOGY.



THEN YOU'D BETTER TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT, BECAUSE I'LL COME BACK FOR MY SHIP SOON.

ONLY IF YOU CAN RETURN FROM THE DEAD.



I'VE CHEATED DEATH BEFORE, VANA. YOU'D BETTER KEEP YOUR DOORS LOCKED.



AND THAT'S WHEN I BEGAN TO HATE...



WHEN
THEY START
TORTURING ME,
I'LL GRIT MY TEETH
AND THINK ABOUT
CATCHING UP TO
VANA AND THOSE
BOUNTY HUNTERS.



WELL, I HOPE
YOU HAVE A GOOD
IMAGINATION.

YOUR
TORMENTORS
HAVE
ARRIVED.



YOU'RE
WASTIN'
YOUR
TIME.



I DOUBT
IT. MERICK AND
BRAVO, AT YOUR
SERVICE.

WE'RE TRAINED
PROFESSIONALS.



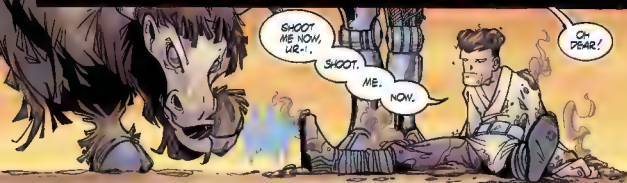
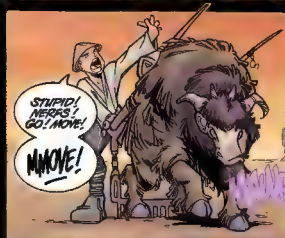
THEN DO
YOUR
WORST.

NO LYIN'. NO CHEATIN'.
NO KILLIN'. WE'LL SEE
ABOUT THAT, VANA.

!END!

HERF HERDER

TATTOOINE...



ATER, AT
MOS ZABU...

HEY,
DOMO! DOMO
JONES!

BLERX!
YOU OL'
SMART
HANDLER!
WHAT'S IT
BEEN?

AGES!
STILL WORKING
YOUR UNCLE
NOBU'S NERF
RANCH?

DIDN'T
YOU WANT TO BE
A FIGHTER
PILOT? SAME
OL' DOMO! HAH!

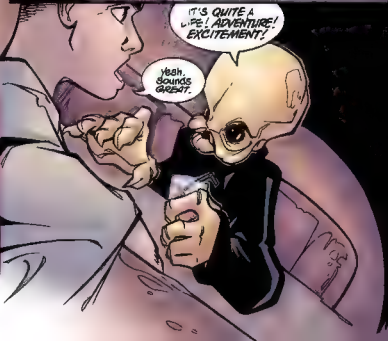
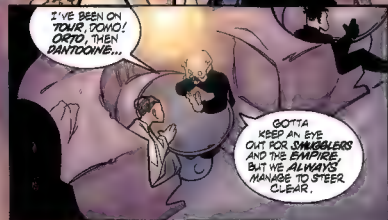
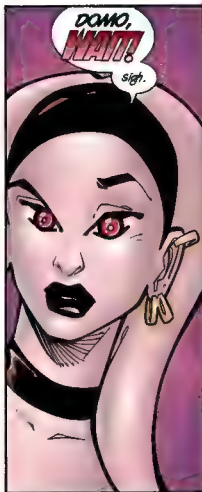
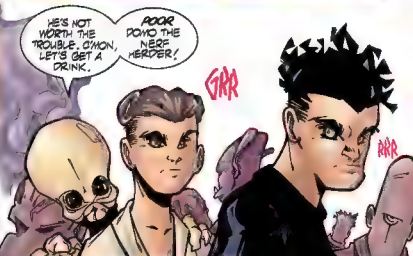
DOMO...
JILLJOO JAB
IS WORKIN'
T'NIGHT.

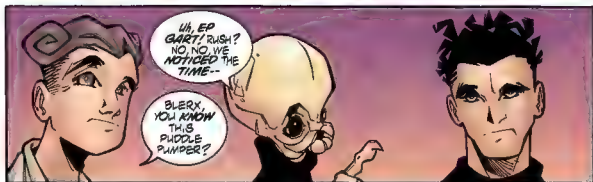
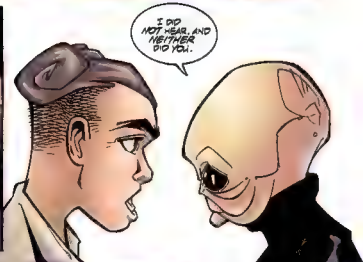
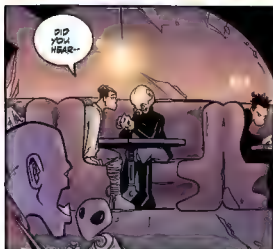
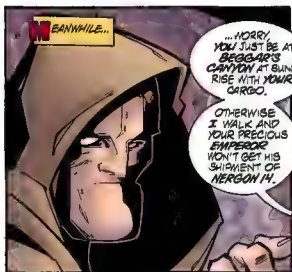
YEAH?

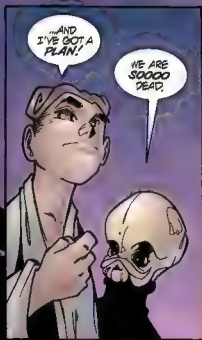
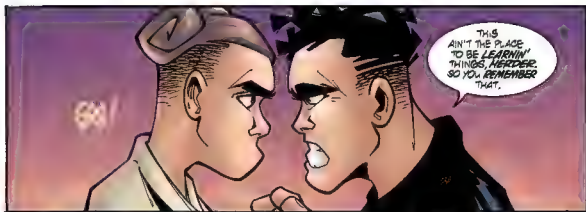
REEON!

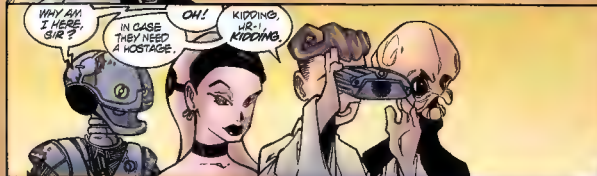
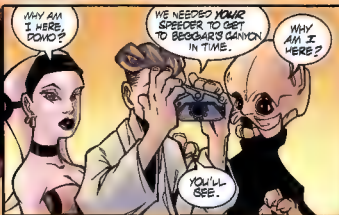
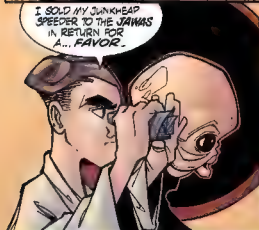
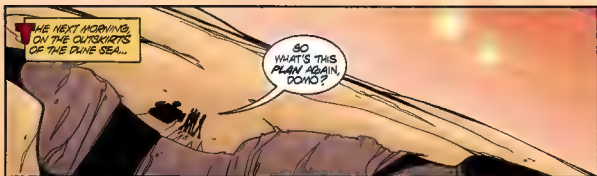
HIYA,
JILL--HA,
JILLJOO--
er--

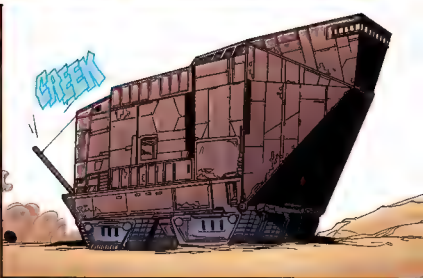
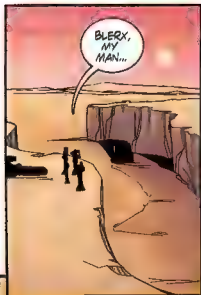
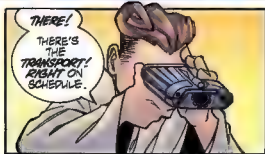
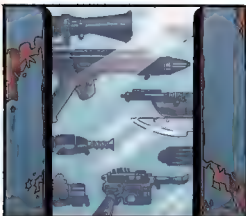
HAH!
DOMO, DON'T
YOU EVER
GIVE UP?

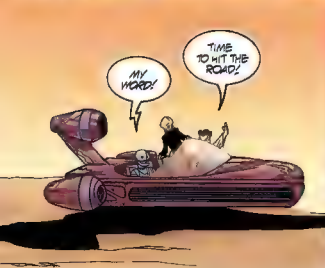
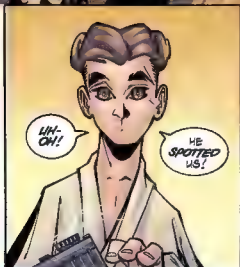


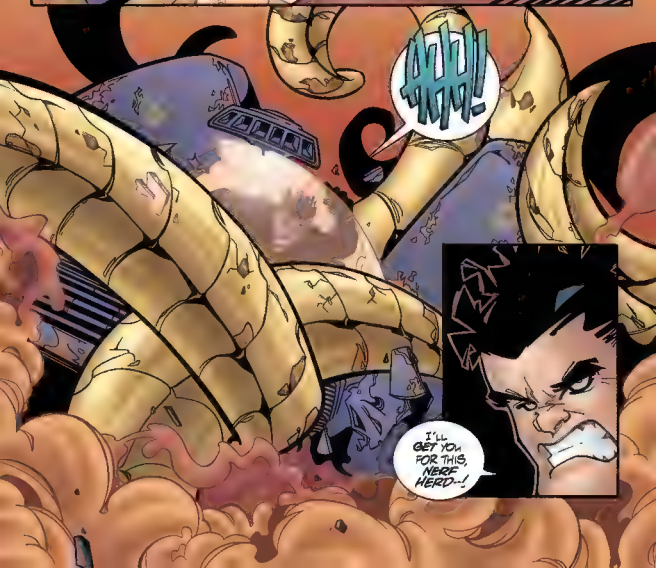
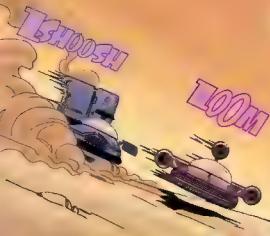






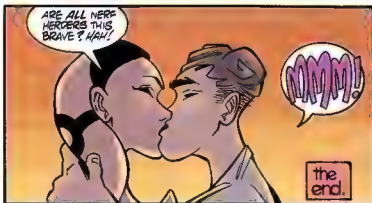
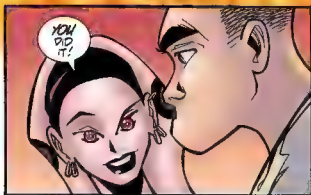
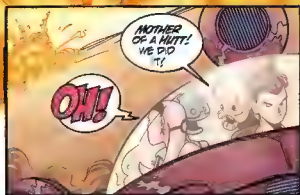






SQUINT

KOOOSH!



"JEDI CHEF" OR "PIZZA HUTT"?

ORD MANTELL.
NOT THE MOST
WELCOMING SPOT
IN THE GALAXY.
BUT AS MEMBERS
OF THE ESTEEMED
JEDI COUNCIL,
PLO KOON AND
MICAH GIET
HAVE SEEN
WORSE...

SO THIS
FRIEND OF
YOURS...

SLABBA
DREW!

I'M SURPRISED YOU
HAVEN'T HEARD OF HIM.
HE'S HEAD CHEF FOR ONE
OF THE BIG LUXURY
CRUISE LINES THAT WORK
THE INNER CLUSTER.

LOST A BET
TO A HUTT.

HOW'D
HE END UP
HERE?

A HUTT?
HMM... BAD
NEWS, THAT.

HENCE HIS
MESSAGE
TO ME.

YOU ARE AWARE,
MICAH, THAT JEDI ARE
NOT APPRECIATED
ON ORD MANTELL--
ESPECIALLY IN GAMBLING
DENS OWNED BY
HUTTS?

I WASN'T
BORN
YESTERDAY,
PLO.

IT'S
OVER
HERE.

TUNK!

SHANEY
KUZDELOV



I'VE DONE MY RESEARCH. THE HUTT'S NAME IS CORPO.

THERE ARE ONLY **TWO THINGS** HE CARES ABOUT-- **GAMBLING** AND **FOOD**-- AND NOT NECESSARILY IN THAT ORDER.



HIS PRIZE POSSESSION IS A **MREM-02 KITCHEN DROID**.

A "**MOREE-MOHTWO**"? NEVER HEARD OF IT.

YOU NEED TO GET OUT MORE. THE **MOREE-MOHTWO** IS THE **LATEST THING**, AND **CORPO'S** IS PROGRAMMED WITH **MILLIONS** OF RECIPES FROM ALL OVER THE GALAXY.

UNFORTUNATELY, **MOST** OF THE RECIPES ONCE BELONGED TO CHEFS WHO **DISAPPEARED** AFTER CROSSING PATHS WITH **CORPO**.



SO WHAT'S YOUR PLAN FOR RESCUING DREW?

I'M PLAYING ON CORPO'S **WEAKNESSES**. JUST FOLLOW MY LEAD

THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT--



AND SOON...

URAHASAM
MOREEMOHTWO...

If memory serves me right,
Moreemohtwo has never lost
a battle...

IKUYOIRIH IKAS
OKIHASAM BBOK...

Two tons of durasteel, with over five million
recipes in his data circuits, he now faces
his greatest challenge...

...IMCINEK NICH
MICAH GIETT JED

HEY...

...in the form of the pudgy Jedi,
Micah Giett Jed.

RUBASUKO ABIHCIM
IHSEKAT AGAK--
"SQUIRMERS"!

Each chef will have one hour in which to create dishes using the theme ingredient--"Squirmers"!

AND NOT JUST ANY
SQUIRMERS--
THESE ARE WILD,
DENUSIAN
SQUIRMERS.
MUCH LARGER THAN
THE DOMESTIC
VARIETY.

NOBODY KNOWS
THEIR SQUIRMERS
LIKE YOU, DOC OH!
MOREEMOHTWO
HAS ALREADY
STARTED HIS FIRST
DISH!

YES... HE'S
SQUEEZING OUT THE
ESSENCE OF A
SQUIRMER. THIS WILL
GIVE A SUBTLER
FLAVOR THAN ADDING
MEAT TO THE
DISH

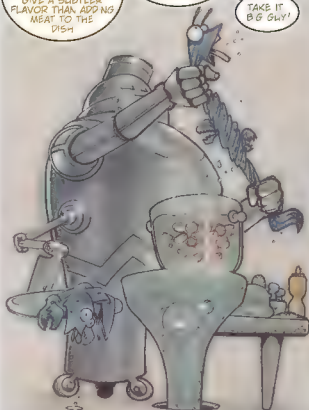
SO, A SUBTLE
START THAT
HERALDS A BOLD
FINISH,
PERHAPS?

FOOKOOEY,
SR!

TAKE IT
B.G. GUY!

THE CHALLENGER IS
HAVING SOME DIFFICULTY
WITH THE THEME INGREDIENT.
WHEN I ASKED HIM IF HE HAD
EVER PREPARED SQUIRMERS
BEFORE HE SAID --

--"OF COURSE I HAVE,
MANY TIMES. DON'T BE
RIDICULOUS-- OUCH!"
BACK TO YOU!

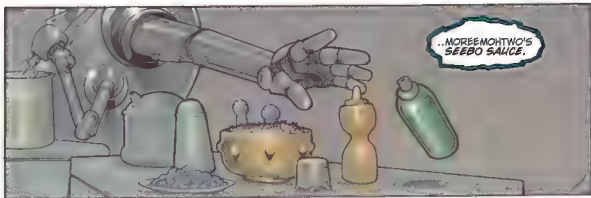


MICAH IS DOING
A GREAT JOB
OF DISTRACTING
EVERYBODY. IT'S
TIME FOR ME TO
DO MY PART...

THIS
DROID OIL
WILL TAKE THE
PLACE OF...



...MORE MOHTWO'S
SEEBU SAUCE.



MOREEMOHTWO
IS COOKING UP A
STORM!

BUT WHAT'S THE
CHALLENGER
UP TO?



HE'S BORROWED
HIS PARTNER'S
LIGHTSABER, AND
HE'S USING IT--
AND HIS OWN--
TO "POWER CHOP"
AND FLASH COOK
A SQUIRMER!



WAY TO GO,
MICAH! WHILE
EVERYONE'S
WATCHING HIM,
I'LL SLIP THESE
GUNDAR
DROPPINGS INTO
MOREEMOHTWO'S
POT...

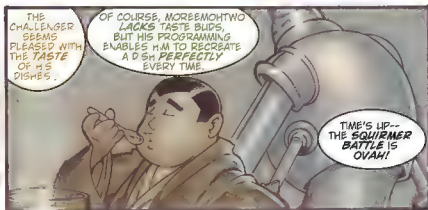


"...ALONG WITH
THIS **RAKRIRIAN**
BURNOUT SAUCE
AND THIS **BOTHAN**
FOOT POWDER..."

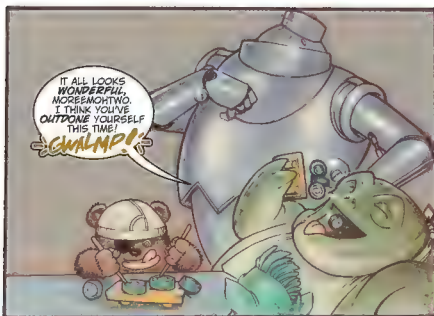


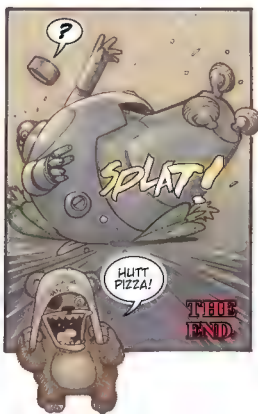
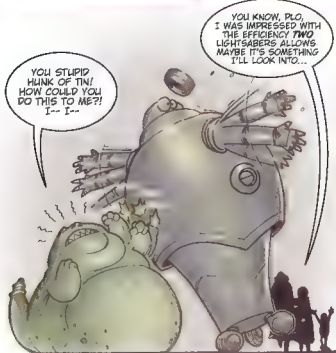
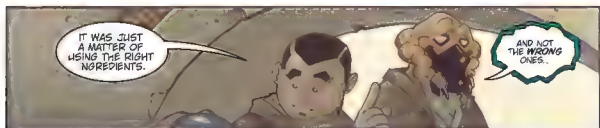
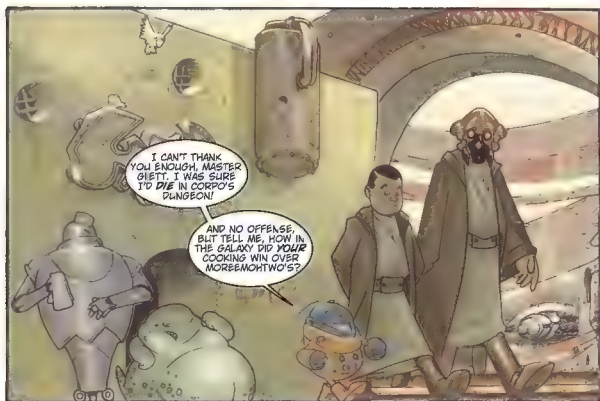
THE
CHALLENGER
SEEMS
PLEASED WITH
THE **TASTE**
OF HIS
DISHES.

OF COURSE, MOREEMOHTWO
LACKS TASTE BUDS,
BUT HIS PROGRAMMING
ENABLES HIM TO RECREATE
A DISH PERFECTLY
EVERY TIME.



TIME'S UP--
THE **SQUIRMER**
BATTLE IS
OVAH!





OUTBID BUT NEVER OUTGUNNED

AAGHH!

I...
UGH...
NOT
KNOW!

A
LIE.

UURGH!

PLEASE!
I...UGH...
...NOT...
THERE!

A BAD
LIE.

YAGAYAGA!

YA... YA...
YA... NOT...
EVER...
KNOW!

A
WORSE
LIE.

NOW
YOU DIE.
I MOVE
ON.

OKAY!
OKAY! OKAY!
I LIE YOU...
NOW I TRUTH
YOU!

I'M
INTERESTED.

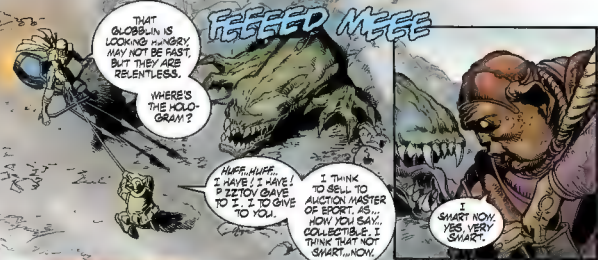
UGH!
UGH!

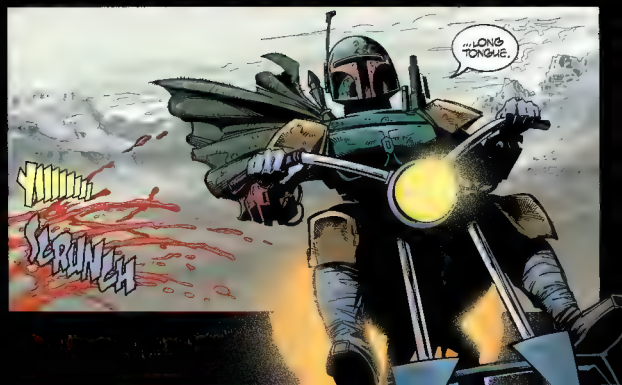
I
HURT!
I
HURT!

YOU
WERE BORN
TO HURT.

SPILL
YOUR GUTS.
YOU'VE GOT
PLENTY.

FEELLED MEEE





LATER.



F.F. FETT...

PLIT

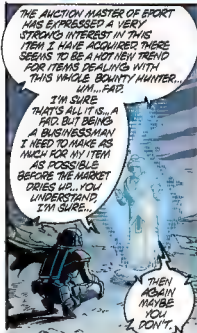


FETT... IF YOU ARE WATCHING THIS I TAKE IT YOU'VE KILLED A FEW TIMES TO GET IT. GOOD. I TRUST YOU MORE WHEN YOU ARE SURLY.



AS YOU KNOW FROM MY PREVIOUS HOLD, I HAVE SOMETHING YOU WANT. THE THING IS... I THINK MANY OTHERS WOULD ALSO DESIRE TO HAVE IT.

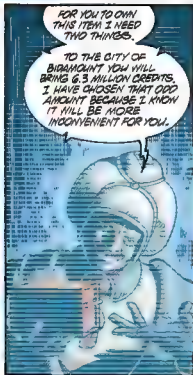
AFTER ALL YOU ARE BOBA FETT, LEGENDARY BOUNTY HUNTER WITH A MURKY PAST. MANY WOULD LOVE TO KNOW JUST HOW MURKY YOUR WATERS RUN.



THE AUCTION MASTER OF SPORF HAS EXPRESSED A VERY STRONG INTEREST IN THIS ITEM. I HAVE ACQUIRED THERE SEEMS TO BE A HOT NEW TREND FOR ITEMS DEALING WITH THIS WHOLE BOUNTY HUNTER... UM... FAD.

I'M SURE THAT'S ALL IT IS... A FAD. BUT BEING A BUSINESSMAN I NEED TO MAKE AS MUCH FOR MY ITEM AS POSSIBLE BEFORE THE MARKET DRIES UP... YOU UNDERSTAND, I'M SURE...

THEN AGAIN MAYBE YOU DON'T.



FOR YOU TO OWN THIS ITEM I NEED TWO THINGS.

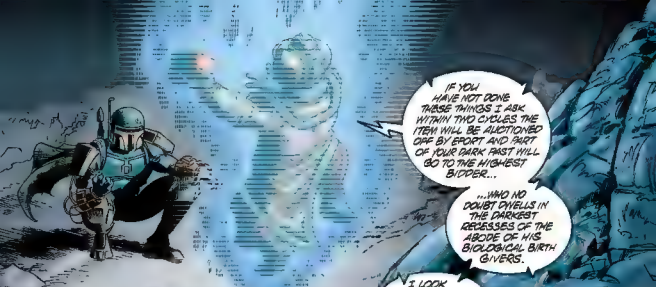
TO THE CITY OF BIDAMOUNT YOU WILL BRING 6.3 MILLION CREDITS. I HAVE CHOSEN THAT ODD AMOUNT BECAUSE I KNOW IT WILL BE MORE INCONVENIENT FOR YOU.



THE SECOND THING YOU WILL DO FOR ME IS NEVER... EVER INTRUDE INTO MY DEALINGS.

OVER TIME I HAVE GROWN VERY IRRITATED WITH YOU STEALING BEINGS, ITEMS, AND OTHER OBJECTS OF VALUE FROM ME TO SUPPLY YOUR FETISH WITH THESE COMMON BOUNTIES YOU COLLECT.

THAT MY BARBARIC FRIEND MUST COME TO AN END.



IF YOU
HAVE NOT DONE
THOSE THINGS I ASK
WITHIN TWO CYCLES THE
ITEM WILL BE AUCTIONED
OFF BY EPOPT AND PART
OF YOUR DARK PAST WILL
GO TO THE HIGHEST
BIDDER...

...WHO NO
DOUBT DWELLS IN
THE DARKEST
RECESSES OF THE
ABODE OF HIS
BIOLOGICAL BIRTH
GIVERS.

I LOOK
FORWARD TO OUR
TRANSACTION, PETT.
YOU HAVE BEEN A
THROBBING PAIN
FOR ME FOR FAR
TOO LONG.

I'M
ENJOYING
RETURNING THE
PULSATING PAIN
TO YOU. TA-
TA...





THE CITY OF
BIDAMVONT.


WHERE ANYTHING AND
EVERYTHING IS UP FOR
AUCTION. IF YOU WANT A
DRINK, YOU BID FOR IT.
YOU WANT A MEAL, YOU
BID AGAIN.



YOU WANT
TO LIVE...



...YOU BID FOR
THAT AS WELL...



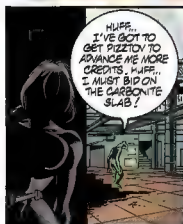
IT'S JUST THE WAY
EPORT WANTS IT.

EPORT. THE MASSIVE GALACTIC
AUCTION HOUSE THAT DEALS IN
ANYTHING SEEN AS A COLLECTIBLE.
BEINGS ARE ALLOWED TO BID ON
ITEMS AUCTIONED UP BY OTHER
BEINGS.

EPORT COLLECTS A NEFTY
PERCENTAGE OF BOTH THE BID
AND THE END PRICE. IT IS SAID
THAT THE RUNDING BEHIND
EPORT IS ONE OF A SINISTER
NATURE.



THAT HAS
YET TO BE
CONFIRMED.







BACK
IN YER
HOLE!

VRAZZ!

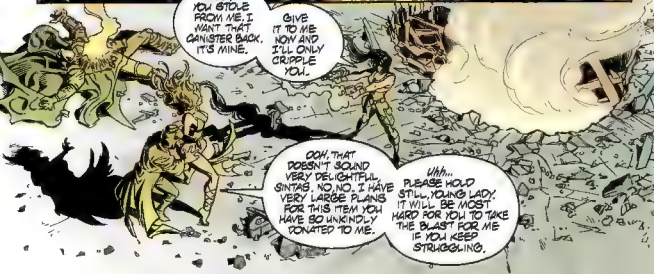


NEVER
MISS ME WITH
THE FIRST
SHOT.

'CAUSE
YOU'LL NEVER
GET A SECOND
ONE.



ZAK!

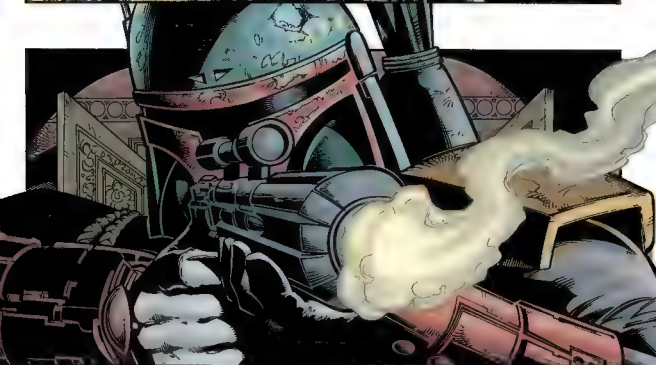
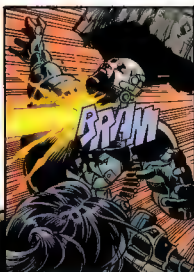


PIZZ,
YOU STOLE
FROM ME. I
WANT THAT
CANISTER BACK.
IT'S MINE.

GIVE
IT TO ME
NOW AND
I'LL ONLY
CRIPPLE
YOU.

OOH, THAT
DOESN'T SOUND
VERY DELIGHTFUL.
SINTAS, NO, NO. I HAVE
VERY LARGE PLANS
FOR THIS ITEM YOU
HAVE SO UNKINDLY
DONATED TO ME.

Uhh...
PLEASE HOLD
STILL, YOUNG LADY.
IT WILL BE MOST
HARD FOR YOU TO TAKE
THE BLAST FOR ME
IF YOU KEEP
STRUGGLING.





LET US SEE...
BARGAINING
CREDITS... MY
FAVOR... UM...

LET ME
GO WITH THE
CANISTER AND
I WON'T KILL
THIS ANNOYING
FEMALE.

NO.
KILL HER.
I DON'T
CARE.

SAME
DEAL
HERE.



HEY!

VERY
WELL... I LEAVE
THE CANISTER... THE
FEMALE... I GO FREE
AND YOU TWO KILL
EACH OTHER FOR
THE ITEM.

MMM... THAT
HAS A RATHER
HAPPY
ENDING.



NO.

NOT
GONNA
HAPPEN.



HOW
ABOUT THIS
PIZZOV.

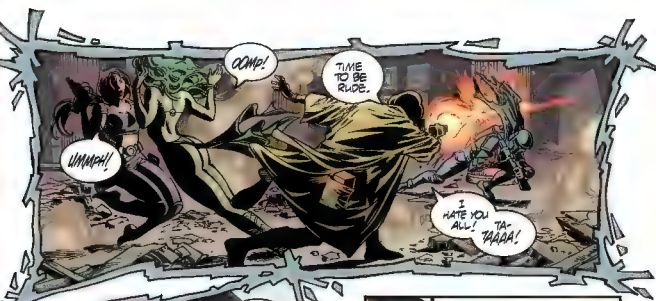
I SHOOT
YOU DEAD. I
DESTROY THE
CANISTER. I KICK
YOUR DEAD BODY
A COUPLE OF
TIMES AND THEN
I LEAVE.

NO. WHAT'S
IN THE
CANISTER
IS MINE.

HERE'S
HOW IT GOES.
I KILL PIZZ. I TAKE
MY PROPERTY. THEN
YOU CAN KICK AS
MANY OF THESE
DEAD BODIES AS
YOU WANT.



Oh...
THIS DOES
NOT BODE WELL
FOR ME AT ALL...
MOST UN-
SATISFACTORY.





HUFF-HUFF.
I'M OUT OF BODIES
TO THROW IN FRONT
OF ME. HUFF... ALL
OF THIS PHYSICAL
ACTIVITY CANNOT
BE GOOD FOR MY
HEALTH.



BRAZZZZT

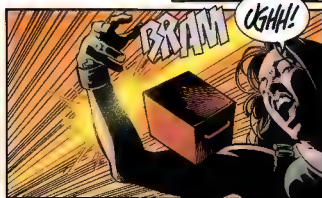
YAGAG!



THIS...
IS MINE
YOU LITTLE
TERMITE.



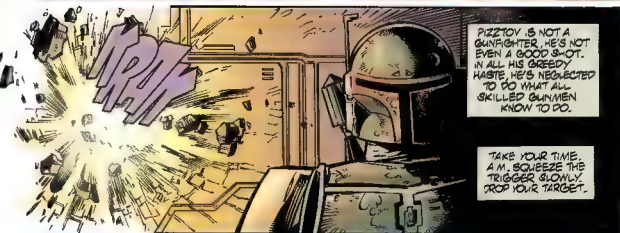
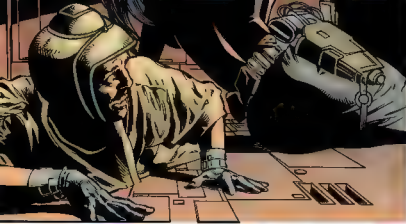
LET'S
SEE IF
IT'S...

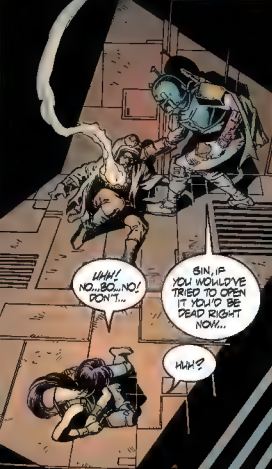


BRAAM

UGH!







MMH!
NO...BO...NO!
DON'T...

SIN, IF
YOU WOULD'VE
TRIED TO OPEN
IT YOU'D BE
DEAD RIGHT
NOW...

MMH?



THIS
LITTLE
RINGWORM
RIGGED THE
CANISTER WITH
A DEATH
SEAL.

OPEN IT
WRONG,
YOU'RE
VAPOR.



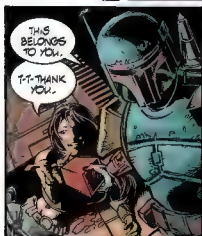
PZTZO ALWAYS USES
HIS EYE PATTERN FOR
A KEY, HE WAS CUNNING,
BUT NOT THE BRIGHTEST
LIGHTSABER IN THE
SHEATH.

MMHMM
CLICK



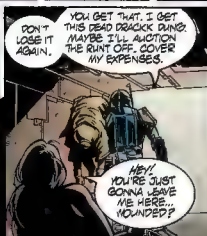
VMMH





THIS
BELONGS
TO YOU.

T-T-THANK
YOU.



DON'T
LOSE IT
AGAIN.

YOU GET THAT, I GET
THIS DEAD DRACK DUNG.
MAYBE I'LL AUCTION
THE RUNT OFF. COVER
MY EXPENSES.

HEY!
YOU'RE JUST
GONNA LEAVE
ME HERE...
WOUNDED?



YEAH...
...YOUR
WOUNDS
WILL
HEAL.



SOME
NEVER
DO.

END

FORCE FICTION

GOING
TO ORDER
ARE YOU, OR
JUST LOOK AT
THE FUNNY
WORDS?

Outer-Rim Taste In Core World Prices

LET YOUR INNER TASTE THE TASTE TO
THE DELICATE TASTE RESTAURANT AND THE TASTE
TO THE DELICATE TASTE RESTAURANT OF THE TASTE
TO THE TASTE

LET YOUR TASTE THE TASTE AND THE TASTE TO
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THE TASTE TO THE TASTE TO THE TASTE TO

Visa and
Coruscant Express
Welcomed

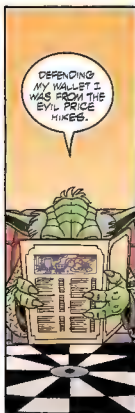
DIG-SPOT?

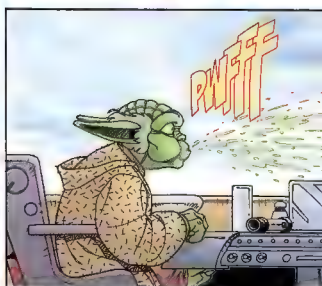
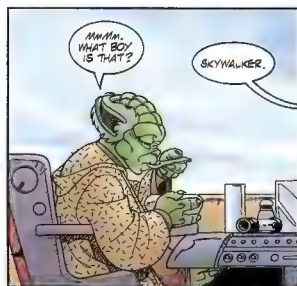
GO-SPOT?

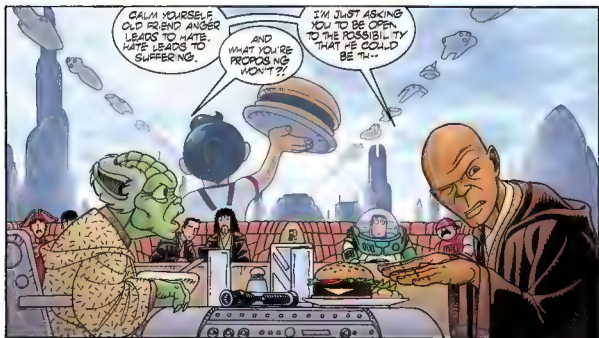
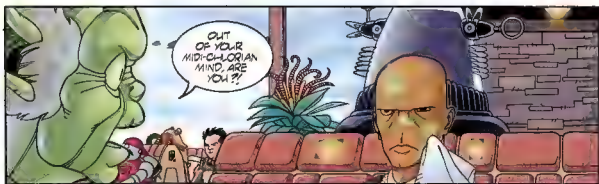
GO-SPOT? DO-SPOT?

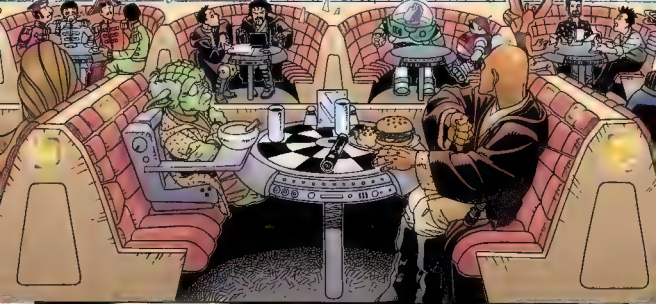
GO-SPOT?

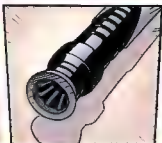
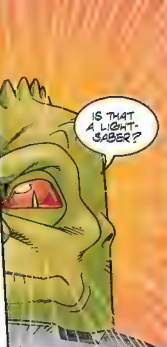
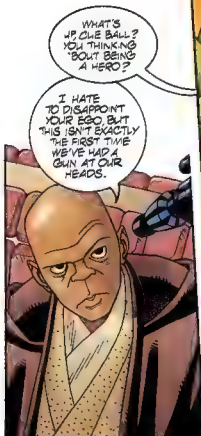
PATIENCE,
MY FRIEND
FOR THIS JEDI
IT'S TIME TO
EAT, TOO.

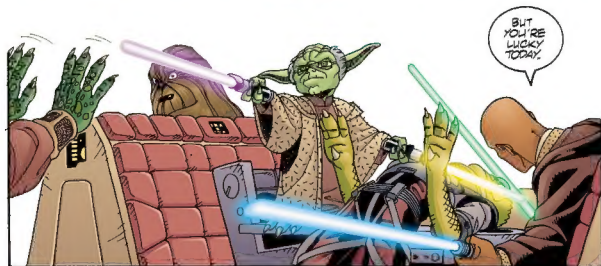
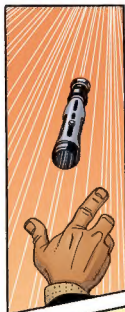












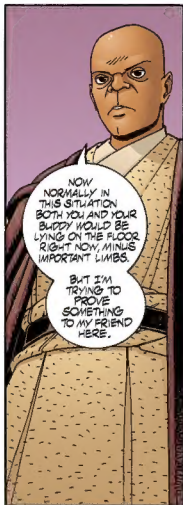


YOU SEE, YOU'VE CAUGHT MY FRIEND AND I IN A TRANSITIONAL PERIOD.

WE'RE ABOUT TO DECIDE THE FATE OF OUR GALAXY, CULTURE, AND OUR VERY OWN EXISTENCE.



SO YOU'LL FORGIVE US IF YOUR LITTLE INTERRUPTION SEEMS A BIT INSIGNIFICANT AT THIS MOMENT.



NOW NORMALLY IN THIS SITUATION BOTH YOU AND YOUR BUDDY WOULD BE LYING ON THE FLOOR RIGHT NOW, MINUS IMPORTANT LIMBS.

BUT I'M TRYING TO PROVE SOMETHING TO MY FRIEND HERE.



I'M TRYING TO SHOW HIM THAT EVERYONE, NO MATTER HOW BAD THEY MIGHT APPEAR, HAS THE POTENTIAL FOR GOODNESS.



SO I'M GOING TO LET YOU BOTH GO.

AND YOU, AND YOUR FRIEND ARE GOING TO GIVE ALL OF THE MONEY BACK AND TURN YOURSELVES IN.

WE'RE GOING TO GIVE ALL THE MONEY BACK.

AND TURN OURSELVES IN.



